

PEN AND PENCIL HERE HELP US TO LAUGH A LITTLE AT THE LIGHTER SIDE OF LIFE

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DUNK SPURGEON, WHO COMES TO TOWN EVERY THIRD SATURDAY, REFUSED TO BELIEVE THE NEWS

By FONTAINE FOX



NOT TO BLAME



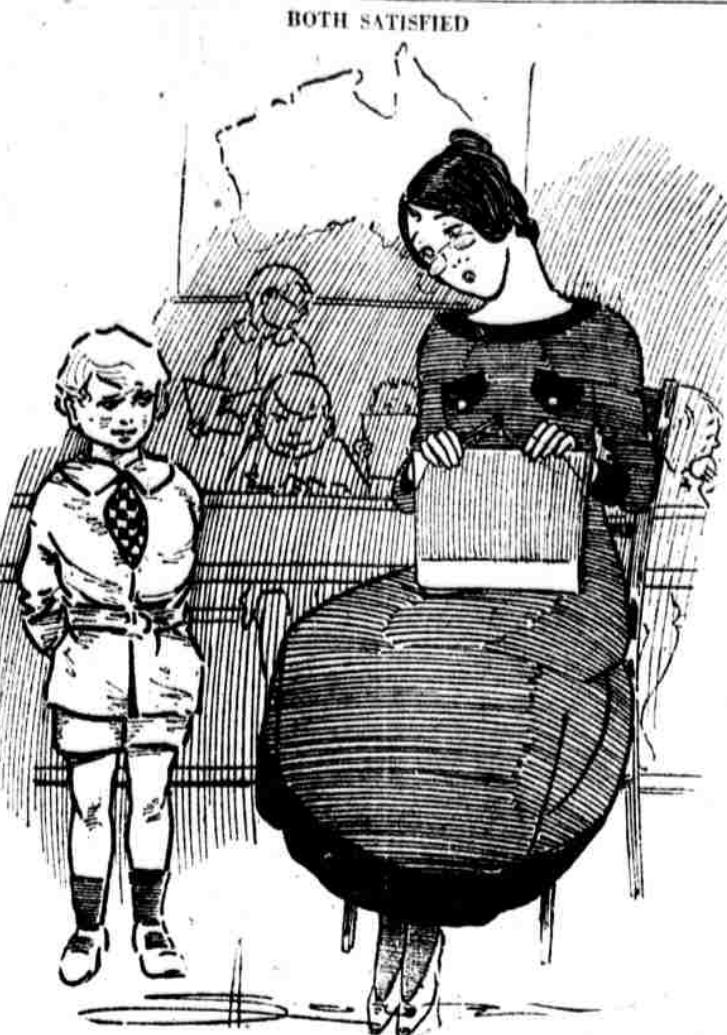
Parson—I hope you don't cut wood usually on Sunday, Peterson.

Peterson—Blimey, no! The missus mostly does it.

THE GUMPS—Peace Is Declared

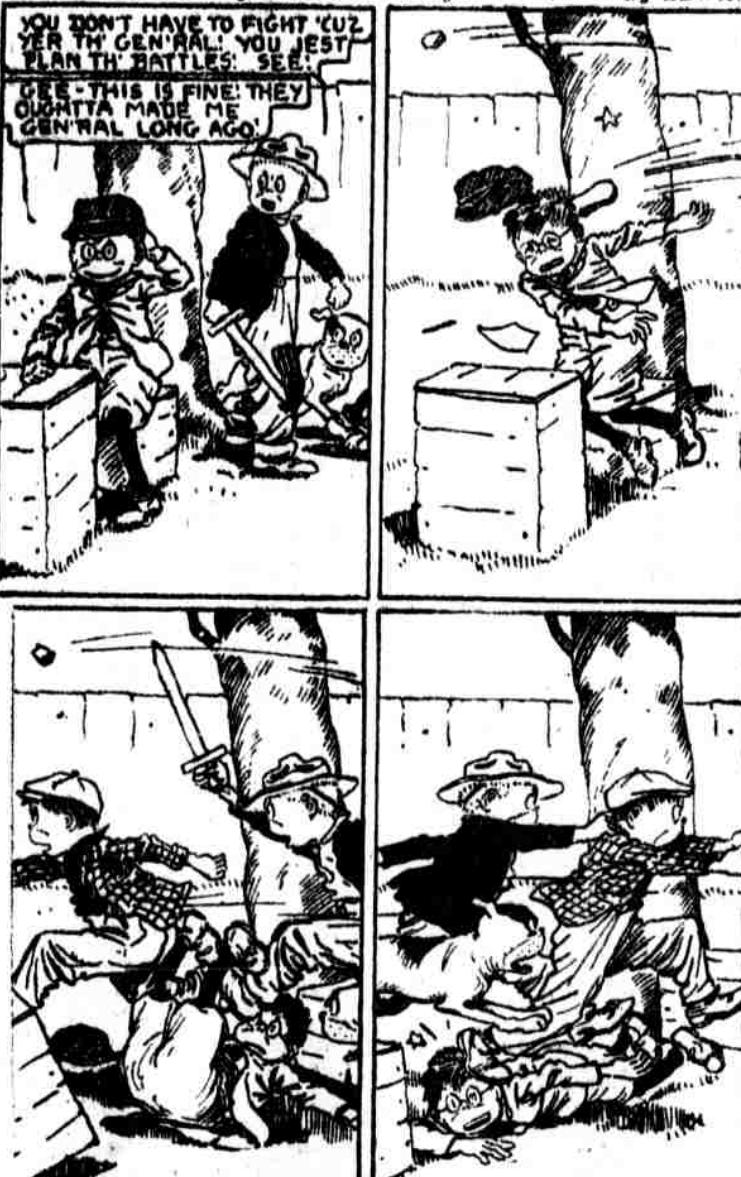
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By SIDNEY SMITH

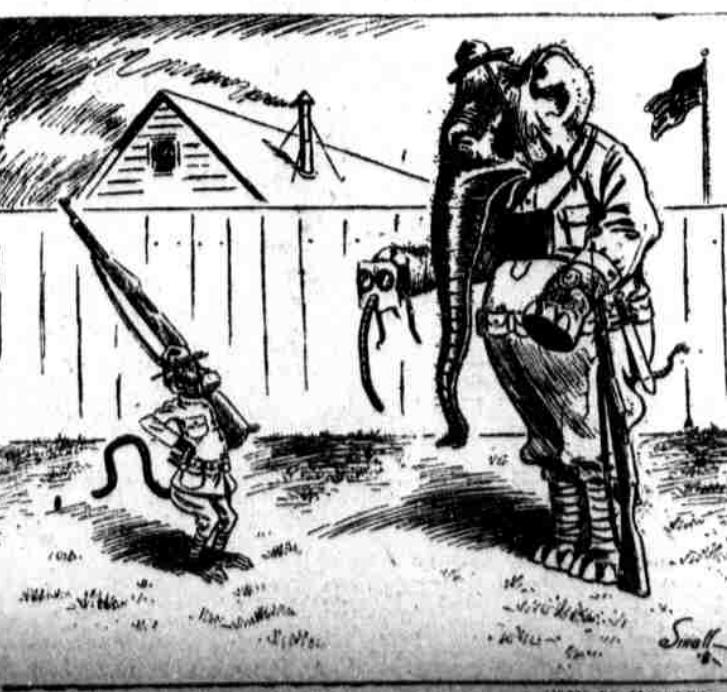


BOTH SATISFIED

"CAP" STURRS—Sammy Didn't Have to Fight By EDWINA



MORE INEFFICIENCY



SCHOOL DAYS

—My uncle showed me how to take his wing bone an polish it up into a pipe an you kin blow on it exactly like a wild turkey callin his wife, an you kin take his wishbone an make the dandiest little harp, an there's a lot o' bones in his neck that look exactly like turtles after you've et all the meat off 'em — Which do you like best — white or dark?



The undertakers



The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady across the way says she sees that men only five feet tall are being accepted for military service now and she never did see why fighting ability should depend on longevity.

London Opinion

Mistress—I'm sorry you're going to leave us, Smith. Are you bettering yourself?

Maid—No, ma'am, I'm—er—going to be married.

NOT BETTERED



PETEY—Pete Wasn't Thinking of Stars of That Kind

